



Seconds



466 41 50

Chapter 1 by Brock Thompson

73 seconds. That's how long Marco had to catch the train to Upper Alexandria.

Chapter 2 by mathew reed



He'd been waiting for this moment for the entirety of his life, and it all came down to this, 73 seconds, well now it was 58, but he wasn't going to miss the train.

Upper Alexandria, where the rich, powerful and hopeful live, and Marco was going to join them, he had big dreams, he was going to change the system, from the inside, he had big plans.

From where he lived, growing up as a child Marco could only see the tops of the golden shimmering towers that almost blocked out the entire sky, it was quite the sight, the gold shine from the buildings at the right time of day would reflect down to Lower Alexandria, and all the streets and gardens and houses would be coated in a beautiful golden yellow, more gold than they had ever owned themselves, Filled all there houses, only for around 3 minutes, but for those few minutes the people of Lower Alexandria felt equal, like they were part of Upper Alexandria.

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Marco can see the train by now, with around 15 seconds to spare he manages to climb on board and take his seat, he's a bit dis-hearted that no one is on the train to greet him, considering he was the lottery winner but nope, its all automated.

The people in Upper Alexandria are much too busy to take time out of their schedules to meet a random person every four years, but for how busy they are nothing ever seems to change in Lower Alexandria, the only change they see is less and less of the sky as more and more golden towers are built.

Now Marco with all the enthusiasm he could muster would try and change that. he's going to be big, he promised his father on his death bed, and its not a promise he intends to break.

The doors of the train close and silently the train begins to move, toward Upper Alexandria.

Chapter 3 by Taylor



A sole seat is available--no one is taking up any space on the train, but there is still only one seat among the two rows of gilded bench space. A sign hangs above it--WINNER. This is his seat.

Marco, a boy of only eighteen, could feel bile rising from the depths of his stomach. He had not eaten, there was no time. It's not as if anyone would serve him anyways, the entire population was envious and out to destroy him. A mere boy, his first year of the lottery, had won? It seems rigged--and Marco thought so, too. A dark hand slips into his pocket, closing around the cold metal knife as he takes his seat. The only weapon he has, the only weapon his father had. A bowie knife older than dirt and more beautiful to him than the girl with fiery red hair and freckles like dust on a sill who works at the bakery. He never asked where his father had gotten it--weapons were completely prohibited and unheard of in Lower Alexandria. He doubts that his father would answer if he had worked up the nerve.

The ride is silent. The car, richly decorated in glistening gold and green deeper than the forests in which he had gathered roots to sell at Open Market for his whole life. It smells of mushrooms

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lottery commissioners. The feast of Float, each course representing the unification of the Alexandrian Tiers, was so beautiful. It was real, too. He could tell it was real. But...

And then his thoughts were interrupted.

Chapter 4 by Time Travelers



The train stopped. The glittering golden and green rays of light were gone, replaced with a rich blue that illuminated the faces of Marcos fellow passengers. Their cheeks and arms looked sunken in, faces frozen with angst. Marco decided to get up and leave the train before chaos broke out. As he stood the sound of metal scraping against metal echoed and the train lurched to the side, causing Marco to hit his head on the wall. He scrambled to his seat, using it to push himself back up, Marco staggered to the door and gripped the handle. He pulled with everything he could muster until the door swung open in his direction. Surprised with the sudden movement Marco tripped backwards and landed on the ground once again. He gingerly crawled towards the now open door, and peered out over the bottom. The vast ocean swirled about 500 feet below the golden bridge the train was now hanging off of. Halfway to upper Alexandria and Marco was now about to die.

Chapter 5 by Tailors <3



Panicked, Marco leaned in to avoid the feeling of height sickness. I watched all this happen from my place on the train. What would he do. The next step as his to take and I had no say over it. At least not yet. Surprisingly, Marco simply sat there. Unmoving. Frozen in time. If this is all he will do then I guess it is up to me. I stood and made my way through the chaotic mob of passengers. "Hallo" I said to Marco. " My name is Fate"

Chapter 6 by Tailors <3



"Fate? What kind of name is that?" Marco said rudely. "And is now the best time to introduce yourself? I really don't think so." RUDE! This is wasting my time. I was going to help. I have control over what happens now. I should make him fall. No. I cant.

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smile. I smile and he knows. I am not called Fate just by chance. I am called Fate, because I am Fate. "Oh, dear, Lord"

Chapter 7 by Epix MC



I couldn't think of any other ending, I thought. It must end like this. I have nowhere else to go... I told Marco, "I'm going to kill myself".

Marco replied, "okay, I'll see you later", happily. He was too young. He didn't understand my struggle...

With no regrets, I jumped down, and felt the breeze, and a big hit. I was dead.

I suddenly saw a tunnel, and people resembling my family. I didn't know what happened, or what to do....

Chapter 8 by Tailors <3



My eyes snap open. Damn. I forgot. Fate can't die midway through a task. I look up at the train. It is further away than I thought. I wonder if Marco is still up there. What do I do now. I am stuck on the ground, with an inability to die and the people resembling my family are constantly flickering in and out of my view.

What can I do about the train it will fall soon and Marco hasn't made it to Upper Alexandria yet. I'd just wanted to have a bit of fun. William had specifically said that I needed to make sure Marco made it to Upper Alexandria. Boring. I had tinkered with the ride to add some interest and now the train was about to fall 500 feet. I was screwed if Marco died.

I sat and thought. If Marco dies William, the person in charge of everything involving Fate, will sack me. If Marco lives... Well. A miracle must have happened. What can I do! Wait. Idea. I mean why not. I have complete power over the situation. I am Fate aren't I?

I take a small piece of paper from my pocket and take out a small pouch from the other. I open the pouch and take out my emergency pin, for when I have no pen. I poke the pin into my index

finger and use my blood to write on the paper. The second I finish writing I jump from the train. My plan is in action. He falls and I see him from the ground he stops, mid-air. Ah, the joys of Fate Paper. "Hello Marco, how was the ride down?"

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Fate Paper is the paper William gives us to write down peoples fate. I specifically wrote: 'Marco Gensman jumps out the open door of Train 234 and falls, before he hits the ground he becomes unaffected by gravity.' The only problem now is that I have to convince him to walk to Upper Alexandria. Fun. I he disagrees I loose my job as a Fate Administrator.

Lets hope I'm convincing enough.

the end

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